



Rather than bear this tumult and uproar;
And, through your means, be scourged with
mine own rod! O let me die, and not endure
the same! The suit I make, is to be punished
still; Nor would I wish not to be wretched
there. But that I might remain in hope and
fear ! Sweet lovely Saints ! Let my suit like
your will! "

ELEGY X.

IN QUIET silence of the shady night, All
places free from noise of men and
dogs, When PHOEBE, carried in her
chariot bright, Had cleared the misty
vapours, and night fogs : Then (when no care
the quiet shepherd clogs,
Having his flock safe foddered in the fold) A
lively Vision, to my Fancy's sight Appeared;
which, methought, wake I did behold. A fiery
boy, outmatching the moonlight, Who, softly
whispering in mine ear, had told
" There, thou, thy fair PARTHENOPHE may see ! "
I quickly turning, in a heben bed With sable
covering, and black curtains spread With
many little LOVES in black, by thee ! Thee!
thee, PARTHENOPHE ! left almost dead !
Pale cold with fear *I* did behold. Ay me !